







# A DIALOGUE

## Between a Southern Delegate and His Spouse

On His Return from the Grand Continental Congress.

ATTRIBUTED TO JEFFERSON

See Sabin—under title.



A  
D I A L O G U E

BETWEEN

A Southern Delegate

AND

H I S S P O U S E ,

ON HIS RETURN FROM

The Grand Continental Congress.

A F R A G M E N T

INSCRIBED

To the MARRIED LADIES of *America*,

*By their most sincere*

*And Affectionate Friend*

*And Servant,*

M A R Y V. V.

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## A DIALOGUE, Etc.

**W**IFE—In less than a Year,  
Mark me Sir, you'll repent of't, as sure as  
you're there.

HUSBAND. Pray, for God's sake, my dear,  
be a little discreet;  
As I hope to be sav'd, you'll alarm the whole  
street;  
Don't delight so in scolding yourself out of  
breath;  
To the Neighbours 'tis sport, but to me it  
is death.  
I submit for Peace sake to be led by the  
Nose;  
Don't make the World think that we're come  
to Blows:  
If once but a Crotchet in your Head you  
have got,  
For your Husband's Advice, Ma'm, you care  
not a Groat.  
There are many wise people, I'd have you to  
know,  
Who often have ask'd it, and have follow'd  
it too:  
If I speak but a Word, you rave like a Fury,  
The Patience of *Job*, Madam, wou'dn't,  
cou'dn't endure ye:  
Had I a million of sons, Ah! by the Lord  
*Harry*,  
I'd advise every one of them never to marry.

WIFE. Call the Doctor!——by this unusual Palaver,  
 I fear thou'st been bit, you so foam and so slaver:  
 Alas! never,——ah!——never, elect him again;  
 This pride of Delegation turns many a Brain.

HUSBAND. You mistook me, my Dear, I did not pretend  
 Every Measure of Congress, right or wrong to defend;  
 Many Things they've left undone they shou'd surely have done,  
 Many Things they have done, they shou'd have sure let alone:  
 The - - - - - *Suffolk* - - - - - Appro-

— — — — —  
*England* - - - - - d—m—n  
 — — — — —

Nice Discussions a wise Man will ever decline,  
 When his Head and his Heart are o'er heated with Wine:  
 Men, when drunk, are all Heroes, all prudent, all gallant;  
 Stark Fools become Sages; rank Cowards, grow valiant:  
 High Matters of State should be plann'd before Dinner;  
 A Saint in the Morn is at Night oft a Sinner:



But grant their Resolves were more absurd  
than they are,  
Could you really expect your meek Husband  
would dare  
Oppose such a Torrent, when its very well  
known,  
He dare not say to your Face, his Soul is his  
own?

WIFE. God bless us and keep us! why,  
my Dearest, till now,  
I ne'er heard you so wise, or so witty, I vow;  
I protest this same Congress's a very fine  
School;  
A man comes back a *Chatham*, who went  
there a Fool.

HUSBAND. You're afraid to hear all, but  
for once I will speak,  
Wherever I am known, I am call'd *Jerry*  
*Sneak*;  
I bear for all that, with your Caprice and  
your Tricks,  
But prithee, Dear, dabble not in our Politics.

WIFE. Prithee! ha, ha, ha, Prithee! my  
Senator grave!  
Sir! I'll make you repent of that Speech, to  
your Grave;  
Why had'st not said, KNOW THEN, like  
the mighty Congress,

I presume you'd a Hand in that civil Address:

Indeed my sweet Sir, when you treat with your betters,

You should mind how you speak, and how you write Letters.

HUSBAND. That Horse-laugh is all feign'd,  
with much better Grace,

You know Ma'm, you cou'd hit me a slap in the Face:

Consider, my Dear, you're a Woman of Fashion,

'Tis really indecent to be in such Passion;

Mind thy Household-Affairs, teach thy children to read,

And never, Dear, with Politics, trouble thy Head.

WIFE. Good Lord! how magnanimous!

I fear Child thou'rt drunk,

Dost thou think thyself, Deary, a *Cromwell*, or *Monk*?

Dost thou think that wise Nature meant thy shallow Pate

To digest the important Affairs of a State?

Thou born! thou! the Machine of an Empire to wield?

Art thou wise in Debate? Shou'st feel bold in the Field?

If thou'st Wisdom to manage Tobacco, and Slave,

It's as much as God ever design'd thee to  
have:

Because Men are Males are they all Politi-  
cians?

Why then I presume they're Divines and Phy-  
sicians,

And born all with Talents every Station to fill,  
Noble Proofs you've given! no doubt, of your  
Skill:

Wou'd! instead of Delegates, they'd sent De-  
legates' Wives;

Heavens! we cou'dn't have bungled it so  
for our Lives!

If you had even consulted the boys of a  
School,

Believe me, Love, you cou'd not have play'd  
so the Fool:

Wou'd it bluster and frighten its own poor  
dear Wife,

As the Congress does *England* quite out of  
her life?

HUSBAND. This same Congress, my Dear,  
much disturbeth thy Rest,

God and Men ask no more than that Men do  
their best;

'Tis their Fate, not their Crimes, if they've  
little Pretence

To your most transcendent Penetration and  
Sense;

'Tis great Pity, I grant, they had'nt ask'd the  
Advice

Of a Judge of Affairs, so profound and so  
nice;  
You're so patient, so cool, so monstrous elo-  
quent,  
Next Congress, my Empress shal't be made  
President.

WIFE. I have said it, my Dear, and I'll  
say it again,  
That your famous Congress were a strange  
set of men:  
To you, my dear Love, I may be sometimes  
too pert,  
But then you know well, Dear, it is but for  
a Spirit:  
Tho' I do now and then take the Freedom  
to glance  
At your Dreams, and your Visions, I mind the  
main Chance;  
Regard your true Interest, your Health and  
your Ease,  
And am ever dispos'd to do just as you please;  
Sometimes, to be sure, it is not quite conve-  
nient,  
But since I swore t' obey, I'm always obe-  
dient;  
I defy you to say now; you can't for your  
Life,  
That I'm not, at the Bottom, a very good  
Wife:  
Could I see you in Prison, or hang'd, without  
pain?



Then pray, have not I reason enough to  
complain?

HUSBAND. Psha! for God's sake, what  
hazard of that do I run?

WIFE. Psha on, but beware, Dear, that  
you are not undone;  
'Twou'd soon break my Heart, tho' we do now  
and then jar,  
Were you ruin'd or taken, or killed in War.  
From the Love I bear you, and our dear Girls  
and Boys,  
I have examin'd this Book, that makes so  
much Noise:  
Without seeing thro' Mill-stones, its soon un-  
derstood,  
As sure as you are born, this will at last end  
in Blood:  
A Cabal, which the high sovereign Power  
defies,  
No matter whether prompted by Truth or by  
Lies;  
No Matter for us, whether without or with  
Reason,  
In Law, they say's deem'd little short of High  
Treason.  
Three thousand Miles distant, we may crow  
and exult,  
But can you hope any State, will bear such  
Insult.

To your high mighty Congress, the Members  
     were sent,  
 To lay all our Complaints before Parliament;  
 Usurpation rear'd its head from that fatal  
     Hour,  
 You resolved, you enacted, like a sovereign  
     Pow'r.  
 Acts, tho' not enjoin'd, on Pain of Gibbets  
     and Flames,  
 Disobey'd, at the Price of our Fortunes, and  
     Fames.  
 Your Non-Imports, and Exports, are full  
     fraught with Ruin  
 Of thousands and thousands, the utter Un-  
     doing:  
 While without daring to bite, you're shewing  
     your Teeth,  
 You've contriv'd to starve all the poor People  
     to death.  
 Into all that's most sacred, you've made mad  
     Inroad,  
*Morocco* itself wou'd be asham'd of your Code.  
 Pretty Sovereigns, in truth! God help us,  
     what Things  
 To make deep Politicians, or Statesmen, or  
     Kings?  
 If *Philadelphia* or *York* propos'd some wise  
     Plan,  
 From that very Moment, you all branded the  
     Man  
 ----- of Sense and of Honour ----- derive  
 ----- Carpenters Hall ----- alive

\_\_\_\_\_ murder or rob  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Pieces \_\_\_\_\_ Mob.  
 Instead of imploring their Justice, or Pity,  
 You treat Parliament like a Pack of Banditti:  
 Instead of Addresses, fram'd on Truth and on  
     Reason,  
 They breathe nothing but Insult, Rebellion,  
     and Treason;  
 Instead of attempting our Interests to further,  
 You bring down on our Heads Perdition, and  
     Murder.  
 When I think how these Things must infalli-  
     bly end,  
 I am distracted with Fear, and my Hair  
     stands an end.

HUSBAND. You've been heating your Brain  
     With Romances, and Plays,  
 Such Rant and Bombast, I never heard in my  
     Days.

WIFE. Were your new-fangled Doctrines  
     as modest and true,  
 'Twould be well for yourselves, and this poor  
     Country too:  
 But supposing *Great-Britain*, quite out of  
     the Case,  
 And you all should be sav'd, by some high Act  
     of Grace;  
 Let's return to ourselves, if you've Eyes, you  
     will see

Your Association, big with rank Tyranny.  
It's hardly worth one's while to show Indig-  
nation  
At that foolish Bugbear, your Non-Import-  
tation;  
For Men do so hunger, and so thirst after Pelf,  
That when thousands are starv'd, 'twill blow  
up of itself.  
You have read a great deal,——with patient  
Reflection,  
Consider one Moment, your Courts of In-  
spection:  
Could the Inquisition, *Venice, Rome, or Ja-  
pan*  
Have devised so horrid, so wicked a Plan?  
In all the Records of the most slavish Nation,  
You'll not find an Instance of such Usurpa-  
tion.  
If Spirits infernal, for dire Vengeance de-  
sign'd,  
Had been nam'd Delegates, to afflict Human  
kind,  
And in Grand Continental Congress, had re-  
solv'd  
"Let the Bonds of social Bliss be from  
henceforth dissolved,"  
They could not have plann'd, with more ex-  
quisite Skill,  
Nor have found a tame Race, more submiss to  
their Will.  
Let Fools, Pedants, and Husbands, continue to  
hate



The Advice of us Women, and call it all  
Prate:

Whilst you are in Danger, by your good  
Leave, my Dear,  
Both by Night and by Day, I will ring in  
your Ear---  
Make your Peace:—Fear the King:—The  
Parliament fear.

Oh my Country! remember, that a Wo-  
man unknown,  
Cry'd aloud,—like *Cassandra*, in Oracular  
Tone,  
“Repent! or you are forever, forever undone!”

FINIS



